

*The Comicall Historie of*

*Anth.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

*Gra.* Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?

*Ner.* I but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,  
Unlesse he live untill he be a man.

*Bass.* (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*An.* (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;  
For here I read for certaine that my ships  
Are safely come to Rode.

*Por.* How now *Lorenzo*?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

*Ner.* I, and Ile give them him without a fee.  
There do I give to you and *Iessica*,  
From the rich Jew, a speciall deed of gift  
After his death, of all he dies posselt of.

*Loren.* Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in,  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Grat.* Let it be so, the first intergatory  
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it darke  
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.  
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa's* Ring.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.